SHAL. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

FAL. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the Chief Justice, Officers,*

&c.

CH. JUST. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet[3];
Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord.

CH. JUST. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

PIST. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta*

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. *Page, and Officers.*

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST. And so they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

3 ~ to the Fleet:] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismission from the King: he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment: but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.